

The Hartford Republican

Fine Job Work.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF ALL THE PEOPLE OF OHIO COUNTY.

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No. 28

THE HERALD GETS "SORE"

Because The Republican Tells the Truth.

Herald Stirs Up Their Temper and Accuse Us of Deception.

In this week's issue of the Hartford Herald in the first column, where attention would naturally be drawn by its prominence, and under big headlines, appeared what that paper called an exposure of a "smooth game" by The Republican.

Our readers will remember that in our issue of Jan. 12 on the first page there appeared a letter from The Daniel-Samuels Music Co., of Owensboro, in which they thanked The Republican, and stated that the advertisement placed in this paper had brought better results than any of the twelve papers in which they place the same advertisement.

Now let it be said that any man with any kind of business sense whatever would naturally and justly be proud of such letter. This letter as printed in The Republican on Jan. 12, was printed WORD FOR WORD as received from the music company. We are glad to have them say that our medium brought better results, and wanted other people and non-believers of advertising to read it. The letter was read by the Junior Editor and then given to the Foreman of the paper, who was running the typewriter machine, in the absence of the operator. The letter, just as received, was printed in the paper, and this from all indications stirs up the envy of editors of the Herald, and they accuse us of "doctoring" the letter to suit our own methods, which we denounce as utterly untrue and without foundation.

The Herald claims that this letter was intended for both papers. We do not know the intention of the writer of the letter, but we DO KNOW what was contained in the letter, and we again reiterate positively that it was published as received through the mail.

The Republican is accused of attempting to boost itself in the eyes of the public and deceive the people. Judging from that kind temper of the Herald they are doing everything in their power to create this impression, but we want to say that the Publishers of The Republican have a CLEAR CONSCIENCE in the way they have dealt with the public, and the people know whether or not we are running a "skin game" as the Herald would have them believe.

This paper has always tried to treat the Hartford Herald in a fair, courteous and gentlemanly manner and expected the same treatment from them. They wrote to Owensboro and tried to find there that we did not publish the letter as written originally, but failed. Why did they not come to us in an honest manner and ask to see the letter, which would have been shown them? We can conceive of no reasons why all at once the Herald should fly into a rage like this. We have always endeavored to treat them as gentlemen and friends and they know this to be true. After publication of the letter in our paper we sent last week to the Daniel-Samuels Music Co., of Owensboro, a sample, marked copy of our paper. If we had "doctored" the letter, as the Herald alleges, do you think for one moment that we would have sent this firm a copy of the paper?

Little Child Drowned.

Mr. R. A. Anderson this week received a letter from his daughter, Mrs. Sadie Barnett, of Golden, Colorado, stating that her son, James Earl Ellis, the eighteen months old child of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Ellis, of that place, was drowned in a pond that Mr. Ellis had dug in the corner of his yard, and the accident occurred between 9 and 10 o'clock Sunday morning. Mrs. Ellis is the daughter of Mr. Anderson, and is well remembered here.

In the letter Mrs. Barnett said that the little fellow was out in the yard playing with his older brother.

er, Blanton, while the father was away from home, and the mother engaged in the house. When the parents missed him they began searching when they found him he was dead, and had been brought out of the pond by a neighboring boy. A physician was hastily summoned, but all in vain.

It is not known how he came to meet his death but it is supposed he walked out on the ice, and fell into a hole that Mr. Ellis had chopped in the ice to get water for his stock. The funeral took place at the family residence Tuesday morning and interment at Crown Hill cemetery.

It is quite remarkable that Mr. Anderson has been married for 43 years, and this is only the second of his immediate family to die, the first being the little daughter of Mr. J. A. Anderson, who lived here a few years ago.

Madisonville "Dry" Again

Dr. E. W. Ford received a telephone message yesterday morning from Madisonville, stating that in the local option election in that city on Wednesday the "drys" were victorious, winning by 148 votes. In the election about three years ago the "drys" won by a vote of 137. The campaign has been going on for several weeks, and both sides worked unceasingly to win.

Sweet Clover Seed.

Sow in winter on top the ground. Greatest legume fertilizer; good hay and pasture. Prices and circular how to grow it, on request.

BOKHORA SEED CO.,
2821 Falmouth, Ky.

MILITIA AND 3000 STRIKERS CLASH

Men Ignore Parade Order and Attempt to Break Soldiers' Lives.

Lawrence, Mass., January 23.—Three thousand striking textile workers and militiamen clashed to-day when the former refused to change the time of march of a parade and attempted to force the soldiers' lines. The militiamen battered their assailants with clubs, but no one was seriously hurt, although many were badly bruised and several women and children were trampled on.

The paraders hurled bricks, stones, tin cans and pieces of ice at the militiamen, and several soldiers were struck with the missiles. After the crowd had been quelled the soldiers drew back and allowed the strikers to pass up Canal street into the mill district.

Trouble occurred also at the central power plant of the Pacific mills. A body of 100 strikers made an attempt to disable the machinery by throwing junk through the windows, but were unsuccessful. The militia responded to a call for help and the strikers fled.

The authorities at Washington today instructed Immigration Inspector F. R. Gordon of Haverhill to come to Lawrence and determine whether the alien contract labor law has been violated by mill expatriations. Many of the strikers claim they were induced to come here from Europe by certain corporations. On reaching Lawrence the inspector conferred with Mayor Scanlon and Alderman Lynch.

Progress toward bringing together representatives of fifteen strike leaders and the mill owners came to a halt today, the latter refusing to delegate representatives to meet the strikers. The mill owners maintain they have nothing to discuss. The strikers say they will have nothing to do with arbitration, though they are willing to enter a conference. Arrangements were made today for a parade of all the strikers tomorrow.

Ice is Passing.

Evansville, Ind., Jan. 23.—The ice that is passing down the Ohio river today is the heaviest of the season. It is expected most of the heavy ice will run out during the next twenty-four hours.

The river continues to rise here rapidly and is expected to pass the danger line of thirty-five feet by tomorrow.

The farmers in the lowlands look for the biggest flood of the season.

GIVEN SNUB BY ROYALTY

Duke and Duchess Ignore the President.

United States Government Will Not Recognize Presence of King George's Uncle.

Washington, January 20.—Mortified and exasperated beyond expression by the studied neglect, if not handed insult, offered by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, uncle of King George and the Princess Patricia, in visiting the United States without the courtesy of a call upon President Taft, the Government will pay absolutely no attention to the royal visitors.

It was announced today that contrary to custom, a military platoon and a naval detachment would be designated to accompany them. Never before has a royal visitor paid America the honor of a visit without being the recipient of at least this courtesy.

BIG BLUNDER MADE.

It was appointed by the officials that not only had the Duke of Connaught failed to notify the State Department, as is customary with royal visitors, even when traveling incognito, but that he had failed in the same course his own ambassador, who in fact, could have notified the State Department and put the visitors in touch with the White House.

It was explained with no little bitterness, that this "is altogether a Whitelaw Reid shod." And not only that, the Duke of Connaught and Mr. Reid have given further undesirable offense by arranging their dinner for Tuesday night, the night for which White House invitations are long since out, for the reception to the judiciary which, next to the diplomatic reception is the most important official function of the year.

INVITATION DECLINED.

With this fact and the slight to President Taft prominent in their minds, a number of high officials of the Government have declined invitations from Ambassador Reid to be present at his dinner and meet his royalists. A diplomatic official of the United States declared tonight it was an inevitable custom the world over for a royal visitor on an important Government personage, even although traveling incognito, to make his presence known.

He vouchsafed the opinion that in failing to follow such precedent, the Duke of Connaught acted with studied intent, and that he had given deliberate affront to the White House.

Notice.

The County Union of the A. S. of E. is called to meet in Hartford, Saturday, Feb. 3rd, for the purpose of reconsidering some matters relative to the pooling and paying dues for the year 1912 and any other matters that should come before the body.

L. B. TICHENOR, Ch'm'n.
HENRY M. PIRTLE, Sec'y.

Large Class Initiated.

The Woodmen Class Initiation held in this city last Saturday was largely attended considering the extremely inclement weather. For several weeks Major R. E. Russell had been making this place his headquarters while getting applicants for the order, and there were 628 applicants written in this district, No. 9. Col. J. H. Brewster of the State Manager arrived Friday afternoon, and was master of ceremonies in all the exercises. In the afternoon degrees were conferred upon a large class in the court house, ending about 6 p. m. That night a public installation of officers was held, and a splendid address delivered by Col. Brewster. Hartford Camp No. 202 ranked first in Ohio county as having the largest number of applicants, and Sunnydale Camp No. 321 ranked second in the county. Much credit for the success of the event is due to Major Russell, who left Monday morning for Russellville, where he will spend several weeks.

Mules for Sale.

Three good pairs of mules for sale. GRANT POLLARD,
Fondrenville, Ky.

CHURCH AT OWENSBORO

Is Having Trouble Over the Pastor.

Charges and Counter Charges Hurling at Services—Meeting at the Court House.

The Owensboro Messenger Tuesday said:

Previous to the sermon, and at the announcement period at the Third Baptist Church on Sunday morning, Henry M. Talbott gave notice that at the 11 o'clock service on next Sunday morning a motion would be made to rescind the action of the business meeting of last Wednesday night when Rev. C. C. Carroll was deposed as pastor of the church. At the close of the sermon of the Rev. W. P. Wilkes of Louisville, a member of the anti-Carroll faction attempted to have a vote taken on the question of whether or not the motion should be considered on next Sunday. After failing to secure a vote, he then urged that the Sabbath day was not the proper time to consider the church business.

For a while great confusion followed and charges and counter-charges were made by the members of the different factions. One deacon of the anti-Carroll faction spoke, pleading for forgiveness and harmony, and he was told by a woman member that there never would be any forgiveness or unity until the "injustices" done the pastor was righted.

Rev. W. P. Wilkes, of Louisville, who conducted the morning services, suddenly found himself as a temporary moderator of a brisk business meeting, but before any definite action was taken he adjourned the meeting.

Dr. Carroll delivered a powerful sermon at the court house Sunday afternoon to a large audience that filled every seat in the circuit court room and thronged the aisles. The subject of his discourse was "The Disinherited Christ," and he chose his text from the eighth chapter of Matthew, twentieth verse: "And Jesus said unto him, the foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the son of man hath not whereon to lay his head."

Dr. Carroll made a brief introductory statement, in which he said that he did not want to be misunderstood as to his motive for preaching at the court house Sunday afternoon. He said that the sermon must not be taken for a factional meeting of the Third Baptist church, but that he was delivering what might be the last sermon in Owensboro, at the invitation of several of his friends and in the spirit of a man called of God to preach this living gospel and for the purpose of attracting souls to Christ. He made no direct allusion to the late unpleasantness at the Third Baptist church, but preached perhaps one of the strongest sermons ever delivered by him since he has been in Owensboro. He depicted Christ, not as a man who submitted himself to every indignity, and always retreated from wrongdoers but stated that the Lord was the most perfect gentleman that ever trod the earth; that he was absolutely fearless and never at any time temporized with evil; that he was a positive force—the most positive force for the good of mankind and the greatest and most powerful champion of the right known in history. The discourse was a masterpiece of English, logical in thought and rich in choice selection of rhetoric.

There will be a meeting of the friends of Dr. Carroll at the Third Baptist church on Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock for the purpose of outlining the action to be taken on next Sunday morning.

Rev. W. P. Wilkes, of Louisville, who conducted the morning and evening services at the Third Baptist church, delivered two very interesting sermons. The subject of his sermon at the evening service was the division of the church at Corinth, and

he drew some homely lessons from the division of the church in those early days.

At the evening services Dr. Carroll withdrew his request that letters from the church be granted to himself and wife.

Beaver Dam Girl Missing.

The Louisville Times, Tuesday said: Col. H. Wason Lindsay, chief of police, today received a long-distance call from C. S. Coleman, of Beaver Dam, Ky., requesting that the local department institute a search for Edna Ford, eighteen years old, who left that town January 14 for Oxford Ind., and has not been heard from by her relatives. Her trunk with a baggage check No. 719,212 attached was sent to Louisville January 14 on Illinois Central train No. 102. She is described as being 5.4 inches in height, weighs 115 pounds and has blue eyes and black hair. She wore a brown striped suit and a green hat.

Centertown Girl Mentioned.

The Louisville Courier-Journal Wednesday had the following dispatch from Pontiac, Ill.:

The marriage bond which bound Henry Clay King, aged 60, to his 23-year-old "mail-order" wife has been annulled on the ground of desertion in a divorce court at Fairfield, King, who is chief orchardist for Senator H. M. Dunlap, at Savoy, advertised for a wife last summer, receiving nearly 600 answers from all parts of the United States. He married Miss Bessie Southard, of Centertown, Ky. She built him to go home and did not return.

MAY BE CONVERTED IN NATIONAL PARK

Project on Foot to Change Mammoth Cave to Great Park.

Glasgow, Ky., Jan. 22.—The project to convert Mammoth Cave into a National Park is meeting with the approval of the people in this section and creating much interest throughout the southern part of the State as time draws near for a hearing before the committee, fixed for some time in February, when it is believed that something definite will be decided upon.

The committee is composed of Col. M. H. Crump of Bowling Green, Ky.; Dr. H. S. Brinker, of South Butler, Ind.; Hon. Gifford Pinchot, of Washington; the Hon. William P. Borah, of Kansas, and W. J. McGhee, of Washington.

The bill has already been drafted, and when the committee meets and recommends the measure it will be introduced and carried through. The bill provides that in addition to the cave and the land now owned by the cave heirs the Government can have as much of the adjacent land as necessary in carrying out its plans. As a rule the people in this immediate section are pleased at the steps taken, but some look at it from a sentimental point and dislike to see the cave interlarded with.

While it may seem a little strange the people in other States as a rule, are more enthusiastic than the people in Kentucky. Why this is true no one can say, but it nevertheless is a fact.

Will Visit Kentucky.

Washington, Jan. 23.—Subsequent to the fourth annual convention of the Southern Commercial Congress, to be held in Nashville April 8 to 10, Minister Egan, of Denmark, who will attend the congress and explain there the co-operative dairying system of Denmark, will take a tour through the South, touching the following States: Kentucky, Missouri, Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, Virginia.

Minister Egan will be in Kentucky April 11, 12 and 13, and Commissioner of Agriculture Newman has advertised the congress that he will arrange meetings at Elizabethtown, Shelbyville and Lexington.

When given as soon as the croupy cough appears Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will ward off an attack of croup and prevent all danger and cause of anxiety. Thousands of mothers use it successfully. Sold by all druggists.

DISGUISE WORN BY NEW BILL

Offered in Legislature by Democrat.

Would Allow the County and Fiscal Courts More Appropriations.

Frankfort, Ky., Jan. 24.—Under the title of "an act prescribing the duties of county indexers and fixing maximum salary at \$8,000," a bill has been introduced into the General Assembly by Representative Adam Spahn, Democrat, of Louisville, which is of considerable interest to the taxpayers of Louisville and Jefferson county. Inasmuch as it not only fixes the salary and duties of the indexer, but also provides that county and fiscal courts may order rebound any of the books or records of the county clerk's office, the quarterly clerk's office, the circuit clerk's office and the office of the county surveyor. It also provides that when said books or records are in a "torn or ruinous condition, they be transcribed in new books," and the county and fiscal courts shall make a reasonable allowance for said work, and the bills will be "chargeable to the county." This "reasonable allowance" is not fixed.

This portion of Mr. Spahn's measure repeals Section 1632 of the Kentucky Statutes of 1909, which reads as follows:

"Any county court may order any of the books or records in the clerk's office of such court, or in the office of the surveyor of the county, to be rebound; or, when obliterated, torn, or in a ruinous condition, to be transcribed in new books, and shall make a reasonable allowance therefor, which shall be chargeable to the county."

This section, which is repealed by Mr. Spahn's bill, does not provide for any action on the part of the fiscal court relative to the rebounding of books, and does not include the offices of the circuit clerk or the quarterly court.

Section 909, of the Kentucky Statutes of 1909, is repealed in part by the amendment contained in Mr. Spahn's measure. The following portion of the old section is omitted: "Said indexer shall upon order of the judge of the county court transcribe any of the public records of the county and quarterly courts, and the county clerk's office, and upon the order of the judges of the circuit courts said indexer shall transcribe any of the records of their courts, and of the circuit clerk's office, that may be in a ruined, torn or obliterated condition and shall, on the order of said judges respectively make cross indexes of public records in said respective courts, or clerk's offices, and on the order of either of said courts shall perfect existing indexes, and he shall do all this without additional compensation."

The new measure does not carry the portion of section 909, quoted above. The salary which shall be paid the official indexer is not changed under the new bill, it being provided, as before, that he shall receive a salary not to exceed \$8,000. The gist of the measure is, however, in the fact that where the indexer formerly was required to look after the books and records of the various offices under his jurisdiction, and keep same properly transcribed, and in good condition, this work, in the future under Mr. Spahn's bill, will be done by order of the county and fiscal courts and the expense will be borne by the county.

It is also significant that the matter of a "reasonable allowance" is left wholly with the county and fiscal courts. There is no attempt to define what is a reasonable allowance, and no provision to restrain these courts from naming as a reasonable allowance any sum they may see fit.

A. S. of E. Notice.

The Hartford Local No. 604 will meet at the Bennett school house Saturday, Jan. 27, at 1 p. m. All members are requested to be present as there is much important business to be attended to.

T. H. BALMAIN, Pres.

The POOL of FLAME

by LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELLSWORTH YOUNG

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—The story opens at Monte Carlo with Col. Terence O'Rourke in his hotel. O'Rourke, a military free lance and something of a gambler, is dressing for appearance in the restaurant below when the sound of a girl's voice singing attracts his attention. Leaning out on the balcony he sees a beautiful girl who suddenly disappears. He rushes to the corridor to see a neatly gowned form enter the elevator and pass from sight.

CHAPTER II.—O'Rourke's mind is filled with thoughts of the girl, and when he goes to the gaming table he allows his remarkable winnings to accumulate differently. He notices two men watching him. One is the Hon. Bertie Glynn, while his companion is the Viscount Des Trebes, a noted duelist. When O'Rourke leaves the table the viscount tells him he represents the French government, and that he has been directed to O'Rourke as a man who would undertake a secret mission.

CHAPTER III.—At his room O'Rourke, who had agreed to undertake the mission, awaits the viscount. O'Rourke finds a mysterious letter in his apartment. The viscount arrives, hands a sealed package to O'Rourke, who is not to open it until on the ocean. He says the French government will pay O'Rourke 25,000 francs for his services. A pair of dainty slippers are seen protruding from under a doorway curtain and the viscount charges O'Rourke with having a spy secreted there.

CHAPTER IV.—When the Irishman goes to his room he finds there the owner of the mysterious feet. It is his wife, Beatrice, from whom he had run away a year previous. They are reconciled, and opening the letter he had received, he finds that a law firm in Rangoon, India, offers him 100,000 pounds for an Indian jewel known as the Pool of Flame and left to him by a dying friend. O'Rourke tells his wife that it is in the keeping of a friend named Chambret in Algeria.

CHAPTER IV.

It would be difficult to designate precisely just what O'Rourke thought to discover, when after a punctilious return of Captain von Einem's salute, he reopened his door and, closing it quickly as he entered, turned the key in the lock.

His mood was exalted, his imagination excited; the swift succession of events which had made memorable the



"Monsieur, Your Nose Annoys Me!"

night, culminating with his open invitation to a challenge from the most desperate duelist in Europe, had inspired a volatile vivacity such as not even the excitement of the Casino had been potent to create in him. Of all mad conjectures imaginable the maddest was too weird for him to credit in his humor of that hour. Eliminating all else that had happened, in the course of that short evening, his heart had been stirred, his emotions played upon by a recrudescence of a passion which he had striven with all his strength to put behind him for a time;

he had first heard the voice of the one woman to whom his love and faith and honor were irrevocably pledged, he had then seen her (or another who remarkably resembled her) for the scantiest of instants; and finally he had mysteriously received a letter which could, he believed, have been conveyed to him by no other hand but hers. And now he was persuaded beyond a doubt that the person of the alcove, the eavesdropper for whose fair repute he had chosen to risk his life, was nobody in the world but that same one woman.

But more than all else, perhaps, he expected and feared to find the room deserted; for the balcony outside the windows afforded a means of escape too facile to be neglected by one who wished not to be discovered.

His first definite impression was of consternation and despair; for the lights had been shut off in his absence. Then quickly he discerned, with eyes dazzled by the change from the lighted hallway to the lightless chamber, the shadowy shape of a woman, motionless between him and the windows, waiting.

An electric switch was at his elbow. With a single motion he could have drenched the place with light. For an instant tempted, some strange scruple of delicacy, abetted it may be by his native love of romantic mystery, stayed his hand.

"Madame," said he, "or mademoiselle, whichever ye may be—the windows are open, meself is not detaining ye. If ye choose, ye may go; but pe'd favor me by going quickly."

"I save ye," she continued, seeing that

she neither moved nor replied, "this one chance. In thirty seconds I turn on the lights."

The woman did not stir; but he thought he could detect in the stillness her quickened breathing.

"What ye've taken," he amended, "I'd thank ye to leave as ye go—if ye came to steal. 'Tis little I have to lose."

There was no answer.

He touched the switch with an impatient hand, stepped forward a single pace, caught himself up and stopped short, now pale and trembling who had a moment gone been flushed with calm.

"Beatrice!" he cried thickly. Dumbly his wife lifted her arms and offered herself to him, unutterably lovely, unspenkably radiant.

It were worse than a waste of time to attempt a portrait of her as she seemed to him. Seen through her husband's eyes, her beauty was incomparable, immaculate, too rare and fine, too delicate a thing to be bodied forth in words, dependent upon the perfection of no single feature. Not in her hair, fair as sunlight on the sea, not in her eyes of autumnal brown, not in the wonderful fineness of her skin or in the daintiness of her features, not in the graciousness of her body, did he find the beauty of her that surpassed expression, but in the love she bore him, in the sweetness of her inviolate soul, in the steadfastness of her impregnable heart.

But it's doubtful if ever he had analyzed his passion for her so minutely. Mostly, I think, at that moment of her abrupt disclosure to him, he longed unutterably for her lips and the proffered wreath round his neck of her slim, round, white arms.

Yet he would not. Trembling though he was, with every instinct and every fiber of his being straining toward her, with the hunger for her keen pain in his heart, he held himself back; or his conception of honor held him back. That which he had voluntarily forfeited and put away from him for his honor's sake, he would not take back though it were offered freely to him.

"So," he said, after a bit, shakily; then pulled himself together, and controlling his voice—"So 'twas yourself, after all, Beatrice! Me heart told me no other woman could have sung that song as ye did—"

The woman dropped her arms. "Your heart, Terence?" she asked a little bitterly.

"What else? Do ye doubt it?"

She shook her head sadly, wistfully. "How do I know? How can I tell? Surely, dear, no two people were ever happier than we—yet within a year from our wedding you . . . you left me, ran away from me. . . . Why?"

"Well ye know why, dearest, and well ye know 'twas love of ye alone that drove me from ye. Could I let it be said ye had a husband who was incapable of supporting ye? Could I let it be said that your husband lived like a leech upon your fortunes? Faith, didn't I have to go for your sake?"

"No," she dissented with a second weary shake of her pretty head; "I think it was love of yourself, a little, Terence—that and your pride. . . . Why should any of our world have guessed you were not the rich man you fancied yourself when we were married? Who would have told them that your landed heritage in Ireland had turned out profitless? Not I, my dear."

"I know that," he contended stubbornly, "but I know, too, sooner or later it would have come out, and they would have said: 'There she goes with her fortune-hunter, the adventurer who married her for her money—'"

"And if so? What earthly difference could it make to us, sweetheart? What can gossip matter to us—if you love me?"

"If!" he cried, almost angrily. "If . . . Ah, but no, darling! 'tis yourself knows there is no 'if' about it, that I'm sick with love of ye this very minute—sick and mad for ye."

"Then," she pleaded, with a desperate little break in her incomparable voice; and again held out her arms to him—"then have pity on me, oh, my dearest one—have pity on me if only for a little while."

And suddenly he had caught her to him, and she lay in his arms, her young strong body molded to his, her lips to his, her eyes half-veiled, the sweet fragrance of her—too well remembered—intoxicating him; lay supreme in his embrace, yet held him strongly to her, and trembled in sympathy with the deep, hurried pounding of his heart.

In the south the horizon flamed livid to the zenith, revealing a great, black wall of cloud that had stolen up out of Africa; beneath it the sea shone momentarily with a sickly silken luster. Then the dense blackness of the night reigned again, as profound as though impenetrable, eternal.

Later a dull growl of thunder rolled in across the waste. With it came the first fitful warnings of the impending wind storm.

"'Twas ye who sang to me, dearest—"

"Who else, you great silly boy? . . . And when you followed me to the door, making as much noise as a young elephant, Terence—I was minded to punish you a little, a very little, my dear. So I merely opened mine and closed it sharply."

"There was a woman in the hall—"

"I saw her, dear, and laughed, thinking how puzzled you would be. . . . Was I cruel, my heart? But I did not mean to be. I'd planned this surprise, you know, from the minute I found our rooms adjoined."

"And this letter"—O'Rourke fumbled in his pocket and got it out—"ye brought it to me?"

"It came to me in London, dear, two weeks ago; we were together—Clara Plinlimmon and I—at the Carlton."



He Stopped Short, Thunderstruck.

waiting for her yacht to be put into commission. Meanwhile she was making up the party for this Mediterranean trip. . . . I had no idea where to send you the letter. Have you read it?"

"Have I had time, sweetheart of mine?"

There was an interlude. In the distance the thunder rolled and rumbled. Resolutely the young woman disengaged herself and withdrew to a little distance.

"Read, monsieur," she insisted, peremptorily.

"I've better things to do, me dear," he retorted with composure.

"You'll find it interesting."

"I find me wife more interesting than— How d'ye know I will?"

"Perhaps I have read it."

O'Rourke turned the letter over in his hand and noted what had theretofore escaped his attention—the fact that the envelope, badly frayed on the edges through much handling, was open at the top.

"So ye may," he admitted. "It was that way when I received it. And I have read it. How could I help it?"

"Then ye've saved me the bother." He prepared to rise and capture her. She retreated, briskly. "Read!" she commanded. "Read about the Pool of Flame!"

He stopped short, thunderstruck. "The Pool of Flame?" he reiterated slowly. "What d'ye know about that?"

"What the letter tells me—no more. What has become of it?"

But he had already withdrawn the enclosure and was reading—absorbed, excited, oblivious to all save that conveyed to his intelligence by the writing beneath his eyes.

It was a singularly curt, dry and business-like document for one that was destined to mold the romance of his life—strangely terse and tritely phrased for one that was to exert so far-reaching an influence over the lives of so many men and women. Upon a single sheet of paper bearing their letterhead, Messrs. Secretan and Sypher, solicitors, of Rangoon, Burmah, had caused to be typed a communication to Colonel Terence O'Rourke, informing him that on behalf of a client who preferred to preserve his incognito they were prepared to offer a reward of one hundred thousand pounds sterling for the return, intact and unmarred, of the ruby known as the Pool of Flame. The said ruby was, when last heard of, in the possession of the said Colonel O'Rourke, who would receive the reward upon the delivery of the said stone to the undersigned at their offices in Rangoon within six months from date. Said delivery might be made either in person or by proxy. With which Messrs. Secretan and Sypher begged to remain respectfully his.

The Irishman read it once and again, memorizing its import; then deliberately shredded it into minute particles.

"So it's come," he said heavily, "just as the O'Mahoney foretold it would!"

He sank back in his chair, and his wife went to him and perched herself upon the arm of it, imprisoning his head with her arms and laying her cheek against his.

"What has come, my heart?"

"One hundred thousand pounds," he said. "Treble its worth, double what the O'Mahoney expected."

"Who is the O'Mahoney, dear?"

He roused. "An old friend, Beatrice—an old comrade. He died some years back on the banks of the Tugela, fighting with a Boer commando. He was a lonely man, without kith or kin or many friends beside meself. That, I presume, is how he came to leave the Pool of Flame with me."

He wound an arm round her and held her close. "Hearken, dear, and I'll be telling ye the story of it."

Behind them the infernal glare lit up the portentous skies. Thunder

echoed between clouds and sea like heavy cannoning. The wife shrank close to her beloved. "I am not at all afraid," she declared, "when her voice could be heard—with you."

"The O'Mahoney left it with me when he went to South Africa," explained O'Rourke. "Twas a pasteboard box the size of me fist, wrapped in brown paper and tied with a bit of string, that he brought me one evening, saying he was about to leave, and would I care for it in his absence. I knew no more of it than that 'twas something he valued highly, but I put it away in a safe-deposit vault—which he might've done if he hadn't been a scatterbrain—an Irishman."

"Then he wrote me a letter—I got it weeks after his death—saying he felt he was about to go out, and that the Pool of Flame was mine. He went on to explain that the box contained a monstrous big ruby and gave me its history, as far as he knew it."

"It seems that there's a certain highly respectable temple in one of the Shan States of Burmah ('tis meself forgets the name of it) and in that temple there's an idol, a Buddha of pure gold, 'tis said. It would be a perfectly good Buddha, only that it lacks an eye; there's an empty socket in its forehead, and 'tis there the Pool of Flame belongs—or come from. In the old days the natives called this stone the Luck of the State, and maybe they were right; for when it disappeared the state became a British possession."

"In the war of 'eighty-five, says the O'Mahoney, a small detachment of British troops out of touch with their command, happened upon this temple we're speaking of and took it, dispossessing priests and populace without so much as a day's notice. The officer in command happened to see this eye in the Buddha's forehead, pried it out and put it in his pocket. In less than an hour the natives surrounded the temple and attacked in force. The British stood them off for three days and then were relieved; but in the meantime the officer had been killed and the Pool of Flame had vanished. . . . For several years it stayed quiet, so far as is known. Then the curse of the thing began to work, and it came to the surface in a drunken brawl in the slums of Port Said. The police, breaking into some dive to stop a row, found nobody in the place but a dead Greek; they say 'twas a shambles. One of the police found the big ruby in the dead man's fist and before his companions guessed what was up slipped away with the stone. . . . He was murdered some months later in a Genoese bagnio, by a French girl, who got away with it somehow."

The O'Mahoney came across the thing in Algeria, when he was serving with the Foreign Legion. He was in Sidi Bel Abbas one night, off duty, and wandering about, when he heard a man cry out for help in one of the narrow black alleys of the place. He thought he recognized a comrade's voice, and surely enough, when he ran down to aid him, he found a Dutchman, a man of his own regiment, fighting with half a dozen natives. He was about done for, the Dutchman, when the O'Mahoney came up, and so were three of the Arabs. The O'Mahoney took care of the rest of them, and left seven dead men behind him when he went away—the six natives and the Dutchman, who had died in his arms and given him the Pool of Flame with his last whisper. . . .

"That's how it came to me," said O'Rourke.

"And where is it now?"

"Back in Algeria, if I'm not mistaken. . . . Ye remember Chambret—he was with us in the desert and wanted ye to marry him afterwards? He has it—the dear man; I love him like a brother. . . . He sickened of Europe when he found his case with you was hopeless, and went to Algiers, joining the Foreign Legion."

"But how?"

"Well, we were fond of each other, Chambret and I. I helped him out of some tight corners and he helped me along when me money ran short—as it always did, and will, I'm thinking. After a while I got to wondering how much I owed the man and figured it up; the sum total frightened the life out of me, and I made him take the ruby by way of security—and never was able to redeem it, for 'twas only a little after that that I came into me enormous patrimony and squandered it riotously getting married to the most beautiful woman living."

"He warned me to hold the stone, the O'Mahoney did, saying that the time would come when some native prince would offer to redeem the Luck of the State as an act of piety and patriotism. He prophesied a reward of

at least fifty thousand pounds. And now it's come—twice over!"

"And now what can you do?"

"Do?" cried O'Rourke. "Faith, what would I be doing? D'ye realize what this means to me, dear heart? It means you—Independence, a little fortune, the right to claim my wife!"

He drew her to him. "Do? Sure, and by the first train and boat I'll go to Algeria, and Chambret, get him to give me the stone, take it to Rangoon, claim the reward, repay Chambret and—"

"And what, my paladin?"

"Dare ye ask me that, madame? . . . Say, will ye wait for me?"

She laughed softly. "Have I not waited, Ulysses?"

"Tell me," he demanded, "have ye talked with anyone about this letter?"

"Only to Clara Plinlimmon!"

"Good Lord!" groaned the Irishman. "Only to her! Could ye not have

printed broadsides, the better to make the matter public?"

"Did I do wrong?"

"Twas indiscreet—and that's putting it mildly, me dear. D'ye know the woman's a walking newspaper? How much did ye tell her? Did ye show her the letter?"

"No." She answered his last question first. "And I told her very little—only about this reward for a ruby I didn't know you owned. We were wondering where to find you."

"And she told no one—or who do you think?"

The woman looked a little frightened. "She told—she must have told that man—Monsieur des Trebes."

"That blackguard!"

"He was with us on the yacht, one of Clara's guests."

"She has a pretty taste for company—my word! How d'ye know she told him? He asked you about it?"

"The letter? Yes. He wanted to know the name of the solicitors and their address. I wouldn't tell him. I—disliked him."

"Had ye told Lady Plinlimmon?"

"No . . ."

"Praises be for that!"

"Why?"

"Because . . ." O'Rourke paused, vague suspicions taking shape in his mind. "Why did he ask about Chambret?" he demanded. "How could he have learned that the jewel was with him?"

He jumped up and began to pace the floor.

His wife rose, grave with consternation. "What," she faltered—"what makes you think, suspect—?"

"Because the fellow lied to me about you this very night. Ye were with Lady Plinlimmon in the Casino, were ye not? Faith, and didn't I see ye? I was in chase of ye when the man stopped me with his rigmorale about representing the French government and having a secret commission for me. Ye heard him just now. . . . And when I asked him was he of your party, he denied knowing Lady Plinlimmon. . . . He made a later appointment with me here, to talk things over. I'm thinking he only wanted time to think up a scheme for getting me out of the way. Also, he wanted to find out where Chambret was. D'ye not see through his little game? To get me away from Monte Carlo by the first morning train, that we might not meet; to get me on the first Atlantic liner, that I might not interfere with his plot against Chambret. For what other reason would he give me sealed orders? Sealed orders!" O'Rourke laughed curtly, taking



She Flung Herself Upon Him, Sobbing.

ing the long envelope from his pocket and tearing it open. "Behold his sealed orders, if ye please!"

He shuffled rapidly through his fingers six sheets of folded letter paper, guiltless of a single pen-scratch, crumpled them into a wad and threw it from him.

"What more do I need to prove that he's conspiring to steal the Pool of Flame and claim for himself the reward? . . . A bankrupt, discredited, with nothing but his title and his fame as a duelist to give him standing; is it wonderful that he's grasping at any chance to recoup his fortunes?" He took a swift stride toward the door, halted, turned. "And young Glynn?" he demanded. "Was he with you, and was he thick with this precious rogue of a vicomte?"

"They were much together."

"Faith, then it's clear as window-glass that the two of them, both broke, have figured out this thing between them. . . . Well and good! I want no more than a hint of warning. . . ."

He was interrupted by a knocking. With a start and a muttered exclamation he remembered Van Einem, and stepped to the door and out into a corridor, shutting the woman in.

She remained where he had left her, her pretty brows knitted with thought, for a time abstractedly conscious of a murmur of voices in the hallway. These presently ceased as the speakers moved away. She turned to one of the windows, leaning against its frame and staring at the ominous flicker and flare of sheet-lightning which lent the night a ghastly luminosity.

A cool breeze sprang up, belying the curtains. The woman expanded to it, reviving in its fresh breath from the enervating influence of the evening's still heat. Her intuitive faculties began to work more vivaciously; she began to divine that which had been mysterious to her ere now.

The lightning grew more intense and incessant, the thunder beating the long roll of the charge. A heavy gust of air chill as death made her shiver. She shrank away from the

windows, a little awed, wishing for O'Rourke's return, wondering what had made him leave her so abruptly. Then suddenly she knew. . . . She could have screamed with horror.

Almost simultaneously the door slammed; her husband had returned. With a little cry she flung herself upon him, clinging to him, panting, sobbing.

"Tell me," she demanded, "what you intend to do? Do you mean to fight him—Des Trebes?"

"In the morning," he answered lightly, holding her tight and comforting her. "Tis unavoidable; I provoked his challenge. He was obliged to fight. But don't let that worry ye—"

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" She sobbed convulsively upon his breast. "Twill be nothing—hardly that; an annoyance—no more. Believe me, dear."

"What can you mean—?"

"That the man will never consent to weapons worthy the name. He values his precious hide too highly, and he's not going to put himself in the way of being injured when he has the Pool of Flame to steal. Be easy on that score, darling—and have faith in me a little. I'll not let him harm me by so much as a scratch."

"Ah, but how can I tell? . . . Dearest, my dearest, why not give it up—not the duel alone, but all this life of roaming and adventure that keeps us apart? Am I not worth a little sacrifice? Is my love not recompense enough for the loss of your absolute independence? Listen, dear, I have thought of something; I will make you independent, I will settle upon you all that I possess. I—"

"Faith, and I know ye don't for an instant think I'd dream of accepting that!"

"But give it up. What is the world's esteem when you have me to love and honor you? . . . Come to me, Terence. I need you—I need you desperately. I need the protection of your arm as well as your name. I need my husband!"

"I will," he said gently; "sweetheart, I promise ye I will—in ninety days. Give me that respite, give me that time in which to make or break my fortunes. Give me a chance to take the Pool of Flame to Rangoon—may, meet me there in ninety days. I will come to you as one who has the right to claim his wife; but if I have lost, still will I come to you, a broken man, but your faithful lover—come to you to be healed and comforted. . . . Dear heart of me, give me this last chance!"

With an eddied shriek and a mighty rushing wind the storm broke over the mainland and a roaring rain came down.

Impulsively the Irishman turned off the lights, and, lifting his wife in his arms bore her to an armchair by the window.

The storm waned in fury, passed, died in dull distant mutterings. Still she rested in his embrace, her flushed face, wet with tears, pillowed to his cheek, her mouth seeking his.

Vague murmurings sounded in the stillness, sighs. . . .

(To be continued.)

Insect Bite Costs Leg.
A Boston man lost his leg from the bite from an insect two years before. To avert such calamities from slings and bites of insects, use Buckle's Arnica Salve promptly to kill the poison and prevent inflammation, swelling and pain. It also burns, boils, ulcers, piles, eczema, cuts, bruises. Only 25 cents at all druggists. m

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"I used Sloan's Liniment on a mule for 'high lameness,' and cured her. I am never without a bottle of your liniment; have bought more of it than any other remedy for pains." BAILY KIRBY, Cassidy, Ky.

"Sloan's Liniment is the best made. I have removed very large shoe boils off a horse with it. I have used it now for three days and my horse is almost well. One hog died before I got the liniment, but I have not lost any since." A. J. MCCARTHY, Idaville, Ind.

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FOUND A SINGULAR TRIBE

Forest Dwellers Who Worship Nature.

Number of Tourists Lost Sight of for Nearly Two Years.

London, January 22.—A remarkable journey, covering 9,000 square miles and extending across country a distance of between 4,000 and 5,000 miles between the railway systems of Siberia and India, was described to Reuters' representatives recently by Mr. Douglas Carruthers, who, with Mr. J. H. Miller and Mr. H. P. Price, has just returned to Bombay, after having been lost sight of since April, 1910.

For twenty months the three travelers have been wandering in Mongolia, Dzungaria, Chinese Turkestan and the Himalayas, a considerable portion of the regions traversed being entirely unknown.

The proverbial monotony of Central Asia, said Mr. Carruthers, "was varied in our case by forests, the density and impenetrability of which rivaled those of the tropics, by grassy plateaux and idyllic lake-lands of wonderful beauty."

"In the forest regions our progress was painful, often at the rate of only five miles a day. The fogs, in which our horses were often belatedly do in mud, and the dense vegetation made our advance in many places almost impossible."

"For the first three months of our journey we wandered among the forests and along the waterways of the Upper Yenisei, west of Lake Baikal, where among the wild turmoil of hills and 1,600 miles from its mouth, are the sources of the Great Yenisei. With the help of horses, camels, rafts and mules we made some new routes through these trackless wilds, and spent some time among a most interesting and shy race of forest dwellers, a strange people, who live in the depths of the forest and practice nature worship in its crudest form."

"Neither Mongol nor Siberian, these tribes are probably a remnant of an ancient folk who have been driven into the recesses of the mountains by incoming Mongol and Tartar tribes."

Their curious habits, their mode of living, their great friends of reindeer, with their curious religious ceremonies, quite unlike anything else in Asia, we found of surpassing interest.

"In midsummer the jungle was a hell of mosquitoes, and the melting snows formed impassable bogs in the forests, compelling us often to resort to the waterways. We built our own rafts, or used canoes to carry the expedition down stream."

"Across Mongolia we traveled with all the pomp of old time travelers in Cathay. The country being ruled by hereditary khans, we were passed on from one to the other by ridges of horses. The use of money was scarcely known, and all the natives wanted was black tea. Yet he is a cheery soul, at least in the best of the living a life of extreme hardship."

"It was on the northeastern slope of the Altai Mountains that we came across the first people of Turkish stock. Magnificent men they were, well off and remarkably clean, as befits good muslimans. In facial resemblance many of them were duplicates of Abdul Hamid."

"Winter was now approaching, and we had to cross Dzungaria, and fifty degrees of frost stopped our work for a time. Yet we made a cart journey of 1,000 miles along the Chinese imperial high road to Hami, and early last spring found ourselves on the western edge of the Great Gobi Desert, ready for our second season's work."

"The wang, or hereditary khan, of this little muslim kingdom entertained us in regal style, and we traveled far and wide for two months within his territory."

"The khan lived in a colossal mud palace in Oriental luxury. His gardens, with beds of iris and lilacs, were the most luxuriant we saw in Asia, and the summer houses, in the shade of gigantic elm trees, the orchards, stables and mews for falcons reminded one of the descriptions in the 'Arabian Nights.'"

"The wang is doing his best to stem the tide of Chinese influence by enforcing the most stringent religious observations, and the result is that

Kami presented the appearance of most austere islamism. The men attended mosque, and the women hid their faces in fear of the whip. We found the sons of the prince in a state of unrest and ready to depose their ruler."

"Barkul, a small town to the north of Hami, was found to be crowded with temples, a village of the worst type, and a perfect hotbed of immorality. But few travelers have passed through this place, and they are all Russians. The place is famous for its horses and in an upland lake vast of excellent pasture a herd of 15,000 wander half wild. They are rounded up annually by the emperor's men, and the pick are dispatched to Peking."

"In the summer of this year we recrossed Dzungaria, nearly falling a prey to heat and thirst in the low-lying deserts. Here, at a distance of 1,600 miles from the ocean, we were but 700 feet above sea level. Our remaining horses, the last of the twenty-four Siberians bought at the start, were lost on this trek."

Are You a Woman?

Baltimore, Md.—Mrs. W. H. Ison, at 1419 East Madison street writes, "For several years, I suffered, off and on, from womanly troubles, until finally I was taken down and could do nothing. The pains I experienced, I shall never forget. I lost weight until I was only skin and bones. I believe I would be in my grave if I had not tried Cardui." Are you like Mrs. Ison weak and discouraged, because of some painful ailment? Cardui will help you. Try it today. Any druggist will be glad to sell you a bottle. D-16

What Makes a Woman.

One hundred and twenty pounds, more or less, of bone and muscle don't make a woman. It's a good foundation. Put into it health and strength and she may rule a kingdom. But that's just what Electric Bitters give her. Thousands bless them for overcoming fainting and dizzy spells and for dispelling weakness, nervousness, headache and tired, listless, worn out feelings. "Electric Bitters have done me a world of good," writes Eliza Pool, D-gow, Okla., "and I thank you, with all my heart, for making such a good medicine." Only 50c. Guaranteed by all druggists.

SHOULD NOT FALL BEHIND

W. H. Cundiff Writes Interesting Letter.

Says Kentucky is behind in Many Respects and Should Wake Up.

Hartford, Ky., R. R. No. 6.
Editor Hartford Republican:—

We are now living in the beginning of the Twentieth Century. We are the possessors of vast national wealth the owners and inheritors of wonderful natural resources; the recipients of the favors and economies of labor saving devices and machinery. The heirs of centuries of scientific advance and of improved educational methods, but though we have and hold all these grand and glorious things, and are living in the 20th Century, and in the MECHANICAL AGE, it is a fact—a lamentable fact—we are yet ILLITERATE (especially here in Kentucky).

Include this part of the statement of a positive truth in the curves—and read it in a low tone of voice—very low—for it is a positive shame, and a scandal, that the Great Commonwealth of Kentucky, one of the forty-seven States in the American Union, is so low in humanity's scale—so low in civilization, in education, and in HUMAN PROGRESS.

We have had the benefit of all that has gone before—the knowledge, skill, science, and inventions of our forebears—the steam, electricity, transportation, communication, Agriculture, manufacture, science, art, and invention of this mechanical age, and education all this, yet, today, we who dwell in Old Kentucky are still living on the "Dark and Bloody Ground"—the ground of foolish litigation, futile foolishness, fearful frauds, fond fancies (of greatness which has never materialized or "made good") and, alas! in the land of mental and moral darkness.

Why is this thus? The answer to this query is "dead easy." We are a race of jaco-naps and ignorant rogues. We do not know what hurts us. We

are not aware of our ignorance and selfishness. We have too much of the individual ego, and not enough of social spirit and idea.

We are too much for self alone, and not half enough for the commonwealth.

We are individualists, pure and simple; and by our weakness and competition, accomplish next to nothing in the day of great human achievements for the health, happiness, and harmony of mankind.

Uneducated and unenlightened we pursue "the even tenor of our way," subject to the envious and jealousies of ignorance, governed by passion and prejudice—and always without public spirit, while dead tombs call of human love and brotherhood.

What must we do to enlighten ourselves, and to put the State of Kentucky on the high plane of a more

intelligent social and religious life? We must educate, agitate, and labor for educational improvement, for civic righteousness, for mental and moral advancement, and for the intelligence, the spiritual, and the material and physical progress which goes toward the building of a great State in the North American Confederacy of States.

So, then, let us all make it a duty incumbent upon ourselves to do more and more for education, for good roads, for good laws, for better government, for the cultivation of a noble attitude, and for the general uplift of humanity in common, so that eventually, we may establish a divine civilization and ordain a pure Religion in our loved State of Kentucky.

Respectfully,
W. H. CUNDIFF.

A Good Magazine.

THE LITERARY DIGEST has taken the highest rank as a weekly review of current thought, at home and abroad, in the realms of literature, art, science, religion, politics, sociology, travel, discovery, business, etc. Its contents are selected and translated from the world's choicest periodical literature, and are given partly in summary, partly in quotation. Discussion and information on all sides of important questions are given. The contents each week cover a field so diversified as to make THE LITERARY DIGEST indispensable to busy men and women who desire to keep up with the thought of the time, but who lack the leisure for such a task. No other publication of its kind has been received with such enthusiasm and commendation.

The Choice of a Husband.

Is too important a matter for a woman to be handicapped by weakness, bad blood or foul breath. Avoid these kill-hopes by taking Dr. King's Life Pills. New strength, fine complexion, pure breath, cheerful spirits—things that win men follow their wife. Easy, safe, sure. 25 cents at all druggists.

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"I had been given up to die by three of our best doctors,

I could not stand it to be on my feet and I was so swelled in the abdomen I could hardly breathe.

But thanks to Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy and Nerve I am able to be about the streets, a walking advertisement of the curative qualities of your remedies, although I am 70 years old."

JOHN R. COCHRAN,
Lewistown, Ill.

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Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy

are these words of Mr. Cochran. He speaks from experience, the highest possible source of knowledge. If you have any of the signs of a weak heart, such as pain in the left shoulder or arm, fainting and hungry spells, shortness of breath, smothering spells, fluttering or palpitation of the heart, you need

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Hartford Republican.

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TELEPHONES.
Cumberland 40.
South River 22.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 26.

Look out for a record breaker. In appropriations by the present legislature.

Only a few more Pages and Assistant Door-Keepers for the legislature. The tax payer pays the bill.

Senator Cummins has entered the contest for the Republican Presidential nomination. He seems to be in the favorite son class.

The A. S. of E. will grow more in Ohio county this year than it has for a long time, because some object lessons have been taught.

More than one fifth of the Democratic House membership voted against the County Unit Bill, while only one twelfth of the Republican vote was cast in opposition to the measure.

The way Democrats are throwing mud at their candidates for the Presidency is a caution. None of them seem to have escaped. Looks like the might be compelled to abandon all of the present crop.

The County Unit extension bill was passed in the House last Friday afternoon. Seventeen Democrats and two Republicans voted against it. It is not believed by the knowing ones that it will pass the Senate.

The Ohio county tobacco grower who failed to pool his crop last year will no doubt want to get his name first on the list this year. He is getting about three dollars less on the hundred than the man who stood by his organization. It generally costs something to learn valuable lessons.

Little more than two months after McCleary's inauguration and the Democracy of Kentucky is divided into portions more bitter than any in its history. These factions are so evenly divided that the small Republican minority in the legislature holds the balance of power.

Wilson and the Tariff.

Governor Wilson is a stand-patter from the Democratic point of view on the subject of the Tariff. He holds that "the only legitimate object of duties on imports is revenue for the support of the government." When he ran for Governor his views on the Tariff were not discussed. The great question, so vital to the interests of this State, was not an issue. Thousands of Republicans voted for him. They and many others, who believe that Tariff for revenue only would spell ruin to our large industries and are desirous that such manufactures shall continue to receive a measure of Protection adequate to preserve their prosperity, would turn from him in a Presidential campaign, even if previous minded to vote for him, unless he gave assurance of a friendlier spirit than "Tariff for revenue only" implies. The Governor is so prolific in the invention of reforms he may yet, notwithstanding his recent declaration on the Tariff, advocate something more to the liking of our people than the doctrine first enunciated by Hancock, a generation ago, and endorsed by other Democratic leaders who aspired to the Presidency, but never reached the White House.—*Union Sunday Advertiser.*

Notice.

Hartford, Ky., Jan. 23, 1912.—Farmers please take notice that from this date we will not receive any tobacco until Monday, the 5th of February, as our factory is now crowded with soft tobacco, and we wish to caution farmers who have pooled, to deliver to us, that we are in no position to take care of tobacco in soft condition and according to our contract we will refuse to take delivery of same. So please keep this in mind and don't be bringing any in before the 5th of February, as it is impossible for us to receive it.

GALLAHER LIMITED.

BALD KNOB.

Jan. 23.—We are all very much relieved by the change in the weather for warmer weather.
There was not very much damage done in this neighborhood by the extreme cold weather.
Mr. E. T. Gilstrap, of Cronwell, is visiting relatives in his neighborhood at this writing.
Mr. and Mrs. Nuten Haven, of Hartford, visited the latter's parents, Mr.

and Mrs. J. H. Torrence, Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. J. W. Taylor, wife and little son and daughter, Emma and Winona, spent last Sunday at Mr. E. P. Sand-fur's.

Mr. J. H. Torrence lost a fine mare week before last.

Little Miss Winona Taylor and little brother Comma are visiting their cousin, Marie Smith, at this writing.

Revival meeting began at Hickory church last Sunday night.

Mr. Alexander Davis, of Simmons mines, visited Mr. R. W. Davis, Saturday night and Sunday.

MR. THOMAS WRITES.

The times are troubled. Men everywhere seek reforms. Fortunes are in dispute. What shall we do? is asked on every hand and on every hand there is answer. It is like A, who is sick being offered by every one a separate remedy, and yet it is not so much what to do as what not to do that is important.

Among the pressing what not to do, the proposed recall of officials, and especially of Judges, seems to me the most important. That the will of his people should be the law of the land is sound economy. I know no argument against it. I am then opposed to the will of the people. If they will recall an office, especially if the official is the Judge of a Court.

Lord Bacon sagely said that most disputes arose from the want of understanding the meaning of words.

The will of the people as rule of conduct does not include a passing fancy, a present frenzy or inflamed passion, but sober judgment, unmoved by present personal interest, and growing out of the aggregate experience of the people.

No one would assert that a man charged with crime should be hanged without trial because it was the will of the mob. The dangers of the recall are not in the will but in the passions of the people moved by present and temporary misconceptions. There must come seasons when the sober will of the people is unable to express itself in the tumult of passion. Such passion then the most upright judge must humor or suffer the humiliation of recall. The result might be to make in our courts of law the security of life and property the sport of a passing in which the real will of the people was for the time obscured.

I recognize the danger of being misunderstood, in arguing against bringing the government too close to the people, but such is the tendency of the times. The initiative referendum, recall and the election of United States Senators and Federal Judges by popular vote appear on their face to be just demands of the populace, but the withholding of these was exactly the means the patriotic founders of our republic took to safeguard and perpetuate our free institutions.

They were not afraid of the will but the passions of the people. It was their intention to build a fabric subject in every way to the sober will of the people acting through time and yet far enough removed from them to withstand the impact of a passing storm wave that is now sweeping the country will soon subside into a more sober order of things, and in the meantime accomplish many needed reforms without inflicting upon the country such impolitic measures as the recall of Judges.

Youth and enthusiasm would hurry reforms with too many statutes but the law of necessity moderates their order and fixes at last the safe slow pace of our progress.

J. H. THOMAS,
Narrows, Ky.

Resolutions of Respect.

Of Camp No. 13340, M. W. of A. of Sulphur Springs, Ky.

Whereas, it was the will of Almighty God to summon from our midst to Heaven's Eternal Campground our beloved Neighbor, Frank Roach, whose death occurred on November 20, 1911. Therefore be it

Resolved, That Camp No. 13340, M. W. of A. lost an earnest member, an upright, loyal citizen.

Resolved, second, That our Camp extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved wife and children of our deceased neighbor and commend them in their hour of sorrow to Him who watches over even the sparrow's fall, and we pledge our faithful love and care to them.

Resolved third, That these resolutions be entered to record on minutes of our camp, a copy be sent to the bereaved family and each of the county papers, and all members wear the usual badge of mourning.

E. F. COOK, Consul.
J. W. FOREMAN, Clerk.

THE MAN AROUND TOWN

Here is a tangle. An old man of fifty and a young man of twenty-eight both widowers. The young man has a stepdaughter thirty-eight years old, that he married to the older gentleman and in turn takes the old man's daughter for a wife. Now what relation are these four people to one another?

Good roads will lead to the general improvement of the countryside. The farmer who drives to and from town over a spacious, smooth well-cared for road will unconsciously come to effect corresponding improvements in the management and operation of the farm.

The churches in Nashville, Tennessee have decided to keep their Sunday School rooms heated all the time and a general invitation is extended to the public to enjoy their spare moments within their walls, where an attendant greets them and furnishes good reading matter for those who take advantage of it. It occurs to us that such a thing might be done in Hartford, and every other town, with profit to all.

FOOT WAGONS.

A little girl from sunny Florida visiting in a northern city saw roller skates for the first time. She was greatly interested and then she became perfectly wild to possess a pair for her own. Not knowing what they were called, she began her request after this fashion: "O, please, auntie, buy me some wagons for my feet."

ANVIL STROKES.

The pessimist focuses a storm in every weather sign.

Ideals must not be so high as to be out of view.

When meekness becomes self-conscious, it vanishes.

Who hungers for praise never gets his stomach filled.

The contribution box never sags with the gifts of the lazy.

Misery loves company, but the sentiment is not reciprocal.

Who spends his sympathy upon him self deserves great pity.

You come to a knowledge of God, not by investigating, but by loving Him.

If plans made one rich, then loafers could ride in their own automobiles.

—The Christian Herald.

THE WINTER VACATION.

One must be a philosopher to read calmly the advertisements of life at the Southern winter resorts, unless he belongs to that minority that has the price of a winter vacation.

It does seem reasonable that man should follow the birds flitting after the sun when the North Wind begins to do business at the old stand.

Quite likely in some day of cheaper transportation and a less intense industrial life, winter vacation trips will be more possible for thrifty people of moderate means.

Meanwhile the stay at home must solace himself as best he may with the thought that one takes to a vacation resort the same troubles that he had at home. For a host of jaded people, Florida, Southern California and the West Indies are a hospital, where they are able in part to repair the waste of a business and society strain which their human machine was never built to stand.

When the philosopher travels in winter, he avoids the domains of Smart Society. Bejeweled and made-up women don't look good to him. The simple forest bungalow is better, with a crackling fire of pine cones on cool January nights. Sunshine is preferable to the sparkle of diamonds, and the odor of the sweet pines to my lady's perfumes of Orient.

SMALLHOUS

Mrs. C. O. Hunter, Hartford, Ky., was in our midst from Saturday until Monday, the guest of his parents Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Hunter.

Mrs. Erskine Fulkerson, of near Matanzas, is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Hunter.

Mr. and Mrs. Simon Kaler have gone to Island to be at the bedside of their sister, Mrs. Leola Whitmer, who is dangerously ill.

Messrs. John and V. P. Morton and Bernice Ducham have gone to Evansville on a raft of logs.

Mr. Sam Morton went to Livermore recently.

Miss Lora Kimbley is the guest of friends at Camerstown, Ky.

Miss Cora Thomason has closed her school in the bond near here and returned to her home last Wednesday.

An infant child of Mr. — Friesel near here died and was interred at Equity last Friday morning.

The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Whitehead is quite sick.

Mr. M. P. Maddox has rheumatism.

Mrs. Sallie Drake is suffering from

SPECIAL MAGAZINE OFFERS

A Great Half-Price Offer

HALF PRICE

COSMOPOLITAN	\$1.50
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING	1.50
WORLD TO-DAY	3.00
TOTAL VALUE	\$6.00

\$3

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.	COSMOPOLITAN.	THE WORLD TO-DAY
Is the best woman's magazine published. It towers head and shoulders over all competitors in being of real value to the woman who is in charge of her home—or expects to be. It has the best fiction, housekeeping hints, recipes and menus that money can buy. There are pages of fashion news articles of the day that will departments for the children, and news articles of the day that will appeal to the husband and father as strongly as they do to the wife and daughter.	Aims to be—and is—the most interesting magazine in America. Two great novels will be published as serials this year: "The Tuning Point," by Robert W. Chambers, with illustrations by Charles Dana Gibson; and "The Price She Paid," by David Graham Phillips, and illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy. One begins in our October number, the other in November. Other features are George Randolph Chester, Jack London, Gouverneur Morris E. Phillips, Oppenheim and other eminent authors and artists.	Is pre-eminently the best, among the review magazines, just as Cosmopolitan its sister publication, is admittedly the best general magazine. All the news—here, in Europe and in the Far East—of politics, science, religion and art will be told each month, a little more completely, a little more clearly, a little better than any other publication. The illustrations will be superb. No matter what other magazine you read you cannot afford to be without The World To-Day.

The Dollar Trio

People's Home Journal..... } ALL THREE
McCall's (And Pattern)..... } \$1.00
Ladies World..... }

Woman's Home Companion 1.50
Good Housekeeping 1.50
Total value.....\$3.00
Our Price Only.....\$2

Cosmopolitan \$1.50
Good Housekeeping.....\$1.50
Total.....\$3.00
Our Price Only.....\$2.15

Good Housekeeping.....\$1.50
World To-Day 3.00
Total\$4.50
Our Price Only.....\$3.00

Cosmopolitan\$1.50
Everybody's 1.50
McClure's 1.50
Total.....\$4.50
Our Price Only.....\$3.30

Cosmopolitan\$1.50
World's Work 3.00
Pictorial Review 1.50
Total\$6.00
Our Price Only.....\$3.70

Good Housekeeping.....\$1.50
Pictorial Review..... 1.00
Total Value.....\$2.50
Our Price Only.....\$1.85

Good Housekeeping.....\$1.50
Woman's Home Companion 1.50
Pictorial Review 1.50
Total.....\$4.50
Our Price Only.....\$3

World To-Day.....\$3.00
Pictorial Review 1.00
McClure's 1.50
Total Value.....\$5.50
Our Price Only.....\$3.75

Good Housekeeping.....\$1.50
Delineator..... 1.50
Review of Reviews..... 3.00
Total Value\$6.00
Our Price Only.....\$3.80

Cosmopolitan \$1.50
World's Work..... 3.50
American 1.50
Total Value.....\$6.00
Our Price Only.....\$4

J. NEY FOSTER MAGAZINE AGENCY, Republican Bldg. Hartford, Ky.

a sore hand something like a carbuncle.

Mr. B. F. Igleheart of Muhlenberg county, is the guest of his son, Mr. C. Igleheart.

Notice of Dissolution.

Hartford, Ky., Jan. 15, 1912.
Notice of dissolution of the Ohio County Supply Company.

Notice is hereby given that the Ohio County Supply Company, Incorporated, is closing up its business, and will be dissolved by unanimous consent of all the stockholders.

All persons having claims against the said Ohio County Supply Company, will present the same to its President, R. B. Martin, at his office in Hartford, on or before the first day of March, 1912, or else the claim will be forever barred.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to the said Ohio County Supply Company will please call and settle the same with R. B. Martin, at his office in Hartford, Ky.

OHIO COUNTY SUPPLY COMPANY.

By OTTO C. MARTIN, Secy.

Attest:
R. B. MARTIN, Pres.

S. A. BRATCHER, Treas.

A Wonderful Offer.

Read the Big Offer of The Repub-

can on another page of this issue wherein you can get this paper, The Farmer & Stockman and the People's Popular Monthly, one year each, and a full size 16x20 crayon enlargement ALL for \$2.05.

Will Buy Mines.

Henderson, Ky., January 20.—Jesse Stawlings and other Alabama capitalists today formed a corporation in Henderson with a view to buying the Drury mines at Waverly, and other big mine properties in this corner of Kentucky. Paducah and Evansville men have bought the big wholesale liquor interests of Henry Kraier, and will start a wholesale mail order liquor business in Henderson on a big scale.

When buying a cough medicine for children bear in mind that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is most effective for colds, croup and whooping cough and that it contains no harmful drug. For sale by all druggists.

Do you know that fully nine out of every ten cases of rheumatism are simply rheumatism of the muscles due to cold or damp, or chronic rheumatism, and require no internal treatment whatever? Apply Chamberlain's Liniment freely and see how quickly it gives relief. For sale by all druggists.

Why

Wunderhose?

It took ten years to make the first pair of them. The manufacturers would not guarantee them until ten years of experiment and testing proved them to be

"Wunderhose"

They grow their own cotton, spin their own yarn, finish and dye every pair themselves—

"From Field to Feet"

there is no waste. You profit by this economy.

Barnard & Co.,
DEALERS.

Hartford, - Kentucky.



What About That OVERCOAT ?

THIS ZERO WEATHER NO DOUBT

Tempt you to treat yourself to a new Overcoat. While our stock is considerably cut down, yet we can show you some attractive styles at reduced prices. Wouldn't it pay you to buy one now, take advantage of our low prices and make yourself comfortable the balance of the winter months? We shall expect you to call. Don't disappoint us.

Piano Coupons With Every Purchase

FARR & CO.
THE FAIR DEALERS

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD

MARDI GRAS NEW ORLEANS FEBRUARY 15 to 20

Tickets, reservations, train time, dates of sale and specific fares from your station, may be had of your local Ticket Agent.
G. H. BOWER, G. P. A. Memphis, Tenn.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD

Hartford Republican.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 26.

M. H. & E. Railroad Time Table at Hartford, Ky.

L. & N. time card effective Monday Aug. 21st.

No. 112 North Bound due 7:19 a. m. daily except Sunday.

No. 114 North Bound due 3:40 p. m. daily except Sunday.

No. 115 South Bound due 8:45 a. m. daily except Sunday.

No. 113 South Bound due 1:46 p. m. daily except Sunday.

H. E. MISCHKE Agt.

Men should shave at Riley's.

U. S. Carson wants your Furs.
U. S. Carson has nice Sweet Potatoes for sale.

Mr. V. G. Barrett went to Owensboro Saturday, returning Monday.

If you have never shaved at Riley's Barber Shop you should do so and see how good you feel.

Messrs. Loney Hoover and Arthur Pardy returned Sunday night from a days visit in Owensboro.

Make a 25 cent purchase at the Ohio County Drug Company and take a guess for a \$25.00 Victor Talking Machine.

"Good Housekeeping" is one of the most popular magazines of today. The price for one year is \$1.50. Send your order to J. N. Foster Magazine Agency, Hartford, Ky.

U. S. Carson wants your Furs.

For quality Printing give The Republican a call.

Mrs. A. I. Nail called at The Republican office Tuesday.

Meals at all hours at City Restaurant—H. N. Tate, proprietor.

Mr. James T. Davis, of route 1 was a caller at this office Wednesday.

Mrs. Josie Duke attended quarterly meeting at Dundee last Saturday.

Riley's new barber shop is up-to-date and you get courteous treatment there.

Mrs. U. S. Carson and children visited relatives at Dundee, Saturday and Sunday.

Imported Irish Potatoes from Ireland, Cabbage and Onions fresh at J. C. Her's Grocery and Meat Market.

Born to the wife of Mr. John Daffron, of near Sunnydale, on Jan. 13, a boy. Dr. J. A. Duff attending physician.

Mr. Sandy Smith and family, of near Concord neighborhood, have moved into the Hillin neighborhood where they will make their future home.

Hear, "Alexander's Ragtime Band," "You are the Ideal of my Dreams," "Billy," etc., on the Victor Talking Machine. You might own this machine by making a 25 cent purchase at the Ohio County Drug Co.

For only \$2.05 you can get The Hartford Republican, The Farmer & Stockman, The Peoples Monthly one year each and a full size 16x20 crayon enlargement. Fill out the coupon which appears in this paper.

Mr. D. W. Wakeland was a pleasant caller at this office Tuesday.

Mr. John T. Moore returned Saturday afternoon from a short business trip to Louisville.

Mr. John's Whobney and wife, of Owensboro, are visiting relatives at Sunnydale this week.

Just arrived a barrel of Genuine New Orleans Molasses at J. C. Her's Grocery and Meat Market.

Pork, Beef, Sausage, Brains and Pure Home Made Lard at J. C. Her's Grocery and Meat Market.

Rev. G. H. Lawrence, of Depoy, Ky., was transacting business in this city Tuesday and paid this office a pleasant call.

Call The Republican office, phone 123, when you have an item of news. This favor will be appreciated by the publishers and by the patrons of the paper.

When you want job printing done, don't forget that The Republican does classy work, and the prices are reasonable.

Mr. Yandall Sargent, of Owensboro, who is visiting Mr. B. F. Bean and family of East Hartford neighborhood, and Mr. B. F. Bean were pleasant callers at this office Tuesday.

The entertainment at the Opera House tonight by Miss Nealey, of Owensboro, will consist of reading and songs. Be sure to go. For the benefit of the New Methodist Church.

Col. and Mrs. J. H. Brewer, of Louisville, left Sunday for their home after spending a few days in this city to be present at the large class induction of the Woodmen of the World.

The annual convocation of the County School Superintendents of Western Kentucky will be held at Bowling Green on Feb. 5 to 9. Supt. Leach, of this city, will leave on Feb. 5 to attend the meeting.

You cannot afford to miss the entertainment at the Opera House tonight by Miss Nealey, of Owensboro, for the benefit of the New Methodist Church. It will be a rare treat. Price 15c, 25c and 35c.

Mrs. Emily Acton, wife of Rev. T. J. Acton, of Olaton, and daughter, Miss Bessie, who have been at the death bedside of Mrs. Acton's mother, Mrs. William Wilcox, of Echols, for several weeks, will return home in a few days.

John Fox, Jr., the famous Kentucky author has written a new novel and it will appear in Scribner's Magazine in the early numbers of that publication this year. Send your subscriptions for Scribner's to J. N. Foster Magazine Agency, Hartford, Ky.

Miss Nealey, the talented reader and orator who entertained here several weeks ago for the Knights of Pythias, will give an entertainment at the Opera House tonight for the benefit of the New Methodist Church, under the auspices of Section 3 of the Ladies Circle.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Wakeland, formerly of Chicago, arrived here last Thursday to spend several days with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Wakeland. While in Chicago Mr. Wakeland was a member of the police force. He has not definitely decided where he will locate.

Among our callers Saturday were Messrs. W. A. Clark and little daughter, Miss Bessie, of Narrows, route 2; Rev. Birch Shields, Beaver Dam; John W. Sanderfer, No Creek; L. B. Tichenor, Wm. Brown, Hartford, route 2; Forest P. Salmon, Char Run, and Elder Dodson, No Creek.

Sunday's Louisville Herald contained the notice of the marriage of Miss Corda Wilson, a popular young school teacher of Radford, Ky., to Mr. Grider Neal, of Butler county. The marriage took place at Jeffersonville, Ind., on January 20 and was performed by Magistrate Hay.

Come down and see Her's specials in the Hardware line if you use Granite and Galvanized iron, Washing Tubs, Coal Buckets, Water Buckets, Well Buckets, Oil Cans, Coal and Dirt Shovels, Rakes and Hoes, Axes, Coffee Mills and many other articles.

Esq. J. C. Jackson, Mrs. W. E. Ashby and J. A. Bilbro, of Olaton; Byron Wedding and J. E. Mitchell, of Dundee; Andrew Afford, of Sunnydale; Horace Pierce, Leo Chinn and Adam Nave, of McHenry; A. V. Rowan and Noy Rowan, of Hillin, were among the out of town Woodmen here Saturday to attend the class induction.

Rough River Lodge No. 110, Knights of Pythias, held one of the best meetings Tuesday night held in many weeks. There was a splendid attendance, and the rank of Page was conferred upon one candidate. New officers were also installed by Deputy Grand Chancellor John T. Moore as follows: Past Chancellor H. E. Brown; Chancellor W. R. Hendrick; Vice Chancellor B. L. Taylor; Preceptor Albert Rial; K. of R. & S. J. Noy Foster; M. of F. James H. Williams; M. of E. James Lyons; M. of A. W. H. Rhoads; O. G. W. F. Anderson.

Mr. J. H. Wood, Ceralvo, was a pleasant caller yesterday.

Miss Vivian Taylor, who has been quite sick, is much better.

The County Board of Equalization is in session this week.

Four house plants free. Read our announcement in another column.

Mr. R. W. Johnston, of Narrows, paid The Republican a pleasant call yesterday.

Tickets for Miss Nealey's entertainment tonight at Opera House on sale at Carson & Company's.

Mr. A. J. Carter, route 1, and Mr. J. A. Johnson, of route 7, were pleasant callers at this office yesterday.

Mr. L. C. Acton, of Olaton, and Mr. Rolla Thomas, of Elizabethtown, Ky., and the guests of Mr. A. C. Acton.

Mr. W. E. Ellis, the produce merchant, was at Sunnydale Wednesday and Thursday receiving a car load of corn.

The Woodmen Circle of the Woodmen of the World held an interesting meeting Tuesday afternoon at Fraternity Hall.

Mrs. Ernest Dukes, Viv Ferguson, James Balford and James Davis, of near Sunnydale, attended the quarterly meeting at Dundee last Saturday.

Fresh line of Fruits arrived at J. C. Her's Grocery and Meat Market such as Grapes, Fruit, Oranges, Apples, Bananas, Lemons, Cocoanuts.

Miss Ava Acton, of Olaton, who has been teaching near Elizabethtown, Ky., for the past several months, is the guest of her brother, Mr. A. C. Acton.

The entertainment by Miss Nealey, for the benefit of the Methodist Church, will be held at the Opera House tonight and will begin at 7 o'clock.

Messrs. S. W. Leach, of route 3, Beaver Dam; B. M. Combs, route 1, Hartford, and C. L. Elliott, of Wysox, were pleasant callers at this office yesterday.

Eld. W. B. Wright will preach at the Christian church next Sunday. Theme for morning services, "Masonry and the Bible." Everyone cordially invited to attend.

For only \$2.05 you can get The Hartford Republican, The Farmer & Stockman, The Peoples Monthly one year each and a full size 16x20 crayon enlargement. Fill out the coupon which appears in this paper.

Mrs. Bettie Sanders, of Louisville, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Charlie Cook, of Owensboro for several days, arrived in Hartford Tuesday to be the guest of her son, Mr. Herbert Sanders and wife for a couple of weeks.

Mr. J. D. Reed, who for several months has been running the New York store in this city, left Wednesday for Hopkinsville, Ky., where he has moved his store. Mr. Reed is a splendid business man, and no doubt will meet with success in that city.

Mrs. Julia Wedding, of Whitesville, is dangerously ill, and reports yesterday from her bedside are to the effect that she is not expected to live but a short time. For several days she has been very low, having suffered a stroke of paralysis, and has been unconscious for some time.

Miss Inma Whittinghill and Mr. O. W. Duff, two prominent young people of Shreve, were married yesterday afternoon at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cicero Whittinghill, Rev. Robert Oldham performing the ceremony. The bride is a sister of Miss Fanny Whittinghill, who is well known in this city, and the former taught a successful school this year at Dundee. The groom is a prosperous merchant, and The Republican joins in congratulations and best wishes.

Mr. David Matland, a highly respectable citizen of Taylor Mines died at his home at that place Tuesday and was buried at the Taylor Mines burying grounds Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock, funeral services being conducted by Rev. Brown. The deceased held the position of outside boss at the mine and was well liked by everyone. The funeral and interment was attended by Mr. E. G. Barress, of this city, who was a personal friend of the deceased.

The residence of Mr. E. T. Williams on Main street near the electric light plant, came near being destroyed by fire Tuesday afternoon about 2:30. No one was in the front part of the house at the time and the blaze had gained considerable headway, when Mrs. Williams detected the smoke, and running into the family room discovered the fire. The alarm was speedily given and in a few minutes the volunteer fire fighters, who always respond immediately, had the blaze extinguished. It is thought that the fire started by a hot coal popping out on the carpet, as there was not enough coal on the grate to have rolled down and Mrs. Williams thought this was the way it originated.

COME DOWN ^{men}

SALE!

MILL REMNANT AND SHORT-LENGTH SALE!

Barnard & Co.

Announce the Season's
Greatest

CO-OPERATIVE SALE

Begins Feb. 2

AND LASTS UNTIL EVENING OF FEB. 10, 1912

Greatest Bargains in all lines ever offered. Get Ready. Watch for the Big Circulars advertising this Sale.

DEPEND ON
BARNARD & CO.
HARTFORD, KY.

The Great Profit-Sharing Sale Is in Full Swing!

Everybody knows what it means to attend one of our Sales. Come often. You will see something different every time you come. Hurry up and get in line with the rest of the folks. A dollar saved is that much made.

E. P. Barnes & Bro.,
BEAVER DAM, KY.

Bowling Green, Ky.
NATURAL SOUVENIR OF CANNON MOUTH CAVE

DON'T FAIL TO VISIT

The Centertown Mercantile Company,
CENTERTOWN, KENTUCKY.

During Their Great Determination Sale
BEGINS FEB. 1, and CLOSES FEB. 10.

BARGAINS EVERYWHERE!

BARGAINS EVERYWHERE!

Yellow Jacket Stingers.

Alas, and as glass, the resolutions you made January first are all sunk now.

Well, this is the year 1912—how does it look to you?

Money makes the mare go, but a lot depends upon the driver.

LaFollette spanned Ohio—but for that matter the wretched man scorned the whole United States.

Next year it will be 1913—an unlucky year for all who happen to have appendicitis.

A Democratic politician of Nevada was elected by one vote speech of six words, to wit: "Follow me to yonder liquor saloon."

John W. Gates was worth only eighteen million. The bad thing a poor boy suffered in life and only accumulated so small an amount—playing the races and the suckers.

How come? Clark voted for the pension bill and Underwood voted against it? Hi, there, Johnny—seems that each one sniffs a mouse and both of 'em wants to get the nomination.

There was just one purpose the Democracy had in passing the big

pension bill for the Union Soldiers. They actually thought they could bribe the old Vets into voting the Democratic ticket.

If any living mortal can give a single earthly reason what advantage to the people it will be to put the Senate in power again, then it was high time said reason was trotted out. So far, the only reasons that are manifest are "pie reasons."

The tariff commission found that raising sheep in Ohio was as expensive as raising white elephants in a country where there was no hay. But that isn't the fault of the sheep. In Ohio they raise more hoes than wool anyway. Think of Boss Cox.

All the Democratic congressmen save three or four are for Champ Clark for Presidency—but that is because Champ gives out the offices and also hides the relatives and booters of the respective congressmen to help swell the pay roll. But in the fair and open state is bidding that Jud Harmon is really the choice of Democracy—save and except the factless one who is for no one but himself.

Say, Mr. Underwooded Dem, how do you like the idea of your party voting 75,000,000 dollars out of the U. S. Treasury every year to pay the Union Soldiers who equipped the pa-pa-gre-a stuffin' out of your party forty years ago? You say Democracy is right today. If it is right now then you confess that it was not right in 1861.

Of course a man doesn't know just what he might do if he were President—but it seems to us out here in Moravian Falls that if we had been holding down the White House job and the prison surgeons all said Morse couldn't live much longer, we would have signed the pardon—because my word, there are some meaner rogues outside the penitentiary than inside. And after all there are some pesky well informed people who think that Morse was the victim of the system. He wasn't given a fair trial in Wall Street—but he might be that he didn't give Wall Street a square deal.—From the Yellow Jacket, Moravian Falls, N. C.

Memphis Lady Writes.

Memphis, Tenn.—Mrs. Emma D. Looney, of Memphis, writes: "I suffered misery for nearly eight years. Since taking Cardui, I am much stronger, and I haven't missed a single meal. I hardly know how to express my gratitude." Don't worry about your symptoms—Cardui goes deeper down. What you need is strength. Strength will enable you to throw off female troubles and will prevent the headache, backache, dizziness and other symptom that you now suffer from. Cardui helps you get it. D-19

Carnegie Cashes Voucher.

Washington, Jan. 23.—Andrew Carnegie has been paid for the testimony he gave the Steel Trust Investigating Committee.

When on the stand Mr. Carnegie said he would not take the money, but later a duly attested voucher with the treasurer's signature attached, was received from New York. Payment was refused because a notarial seal was omitted.

"I know these formalities are trying," wrote Jerry South, disbursing officer of the House, in returning the voucher to Mr. Carnegie, "but a certain amount of red tape must be

unwound and a Government official is at the spoil end."

The voucher in proper form was received to day and a check for \$28.70 was remitted to Mr. Carnegie by return mail.

A Wonderful Offer.

Read the Big Offer of The Republican on another page of this issue wherein you can get this paper, The Farmer & Stockman and the Peoples Popular Monthly, one year each, and a full size 16x20 crayon enlargement ALL for \$2.05. 27c

Land sale for Taxes.

By virtue of taxes due me, the Sheriff of Ohio County, Kentucky, I will on Monday Feb. 5, 1912, expose at public sale at the Court House door in Hartford, Kentucky, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 2 p. m., the following lands or so much thereof as may be necessary to produce the sums required, viz:

NO. 10—SELECT.

Baize, G. N., 90 acres..... 9.00
Have, W. H., 27 acres..... 5.95
Stewart, A. H., 10 acres..... 4.20

NO. 11—HORSE BRANCH.

Allen, Thomas, 23 acres..... \$5.30
Baize, E. E., 85 acres..... 6.65
DeHart, John, 50 acres..... 4.50
Ferguson, Mrs. Maggie, 1 town lot..... 1.75
Ferguson, M., 39 acres..... 5.75
Fugate, Ira, 40 acres..... 8.50
Stewart, J. H., 40 acres..... 7.75
Wilson, Thomas, 40 acres..... 5.95
Wilson, Mrs. Amanda, 40 acres..... 4.50

NO. 12—ROSEINE.

Brown, T. H., 7 acres..... 4.50
Beck, W. N., 100 acres..... 10.35
Same 23 acres..... 10.35

Clark, J. M., 75 acres..... 9.85
Same 125 acres..... 9.85

Clark, Mrs. Florence, 10 acres..... 2.40
Craig, Len, 20 acres..... 4.50
Craig, Luther, 60 acres..... 6.95
Culbertson, R. D., 2 town lots..... 9.40
Durbin, Frank, 15 acres..... 3.50
Edwards, G. T., 20 acres..... 4.60
Goodwine, John B., 35 acres..... 7.45
Kuykendoll, G. R., 80 acres..... 4.55
Stewart, J. A., 70 acres..... 8.20
Stewart, Mrs. Lillian, 40 acres..... 3.15
Wilson, Mrs. Mary A., 70 acres..... 14.90

Wright, Mrs. L. J., 14 acres..... 1.35

NO. 22—OLATON.

Hurt, John, 80 acres..... \$7.45

Hall, J. W., 5 acres..... 3.50

NO. 28—NARROWS.

Fentress, Geo., 65 acres..... 7.45
Harrison, Norma, 50 acres..... 5.30
Livers, W. M., 65 acres..... 8.80

NO. 4—SULPHUR SPRINGS.

Bratcher, V. B., 45 acres..... \$6.90
Dooley, E. R., 1 1/2 acres..... 5.30
Ladfield, Willie, 8 acres..... 6.09
Stone, Mrs. Molly, 6 acres..... 1.75

NO. 6—CROMWELL.

Baize, J. L., 60 acres..... 12.85
Davis, Mrs. J. A., 165 acres..... 6.60
Stratton, J. P., 35 acres..... 6.60

NO. 7—COOL SPRINGS.

Davenport, E. A., 111 acres..... 12.40

NO. 8—NORTH ROCKPORT.
Anderson, V. A., 60 acres, one town lot..... \$16.55

Dibble, Mrs. Eddie, one town lot..... 2.20
Fulkerson, R. B., 16 acres..... 5.25
Heck, Mrs. Nannie P., 1 town lot..... 4.55
Layton, Mrs. Josephine, 3 town lots..... 18.65

Landrum, S. L., 2 town lots..... 11.50
Maddox, Mrs. Mattie, 123 acres..... 11.75
Porter, Hardan, 32 acres..... 8.75
Roark, C. E., 1 town lot..... 10.20
Singleton, Mrs. Mary, 75 acres..... 4.90

Tilford, J. S., heirs, by G. W. Tilford, Agent, 1 town lot..... 4.55

NO. 9—SOUTH ROCKPORT.

Brown, W. F., 10 acres..... \$4.90
Fulkerson, A. L., 65 acres..... 12.60
Fulkerson, Mrs. Mary, 60 acres..... 5.30
Heck, Mrs. Minnie, 2 town lots..... 6.10
Shafer, H. B., 2 acres..... 4.90
White, L. J., 3 acres..... 5.30

NO. 13—EAST BEAVER DAM.

Baird, C. F., 50 acres..... \$25.85
Pool, Geo., 141 acres and one town lot..... 18.25

NO. 14—WEST BEAVER DAM.

Fugate, C. C., 4 town lots..... \$17.95
Hanod, Odia M., 4 acres..... 8.10
Leach, J. A., Admr., 1 town lot..... 5.70

Rhoads, D. S., 22 1/2 acres, 1 town lot..... 14.95
Stevens, J. H., 30 acres..... 10.90

NO. 15—McHENRY.

Ashby, R. C., 1 town lot..... 2.75
Demo, Ed., Agt. for Demo heirs, 1 town lot..... 1.75

Hains, W. L., 1 town lot..... 7.45
Miller, John A., 6 town lots..... 37.00
Ramsey, William, 1 town lot..... 3.40
Thomas George, 1 town lot..... 6.50

United Mine Workers of America, 1 town lot..... 1.65
William Mines Amusement Co., 1 town lot..... 8.10

Wakeland, Geo. C., 1 town lot..... 3.25

NO. 16—CENTERTOWN.

Ashby Richard, 1 town lot..... 4.55
Chapman, W. B., 70 acres..... 11.35
Chapman, G. F., 2 town lots..... 44.30

Romhill, John, 16 acres..... 4.35
Tichenor, W. A., 1 town lot..... 5.90
Tichenor, John and Arvin, 20 acres..... 3.50

NO. 18—EAST FORDSVILLE.

Brown, Steve, 1 town lot..... 8.00
Baize, W. H., 1 town lot..... 3.95
Coppage, Mrs. Sallie, 60 acres..... 3.85

Hedden, E., 1 town lot..... 5.90
Mitchell Mrs. Virginia, 150 acres..... 10.40
Widlers, John D., 1 town lot..... 2.65

NO. 19—WEST FORDSVILLE.

Head, B. J., 40 acres..... 5.00
Rogers, E. F., 1 town lot..... 12.45

NO. 20—AETNAVILLE.

Vogel, Geo. L., 1 town lot..... \$3.85
Wells, J. F., 90 acres..... 7.45

NO. 21—SHREVE.

Harder, J. W., 40 acres..... 5.30
Lothem, J. D., 160 acres..... 13.00
Loyd, Bird, 85 acres..... 11.60

Meador, Charles, 50 acres..... 7.45
Obenchain, Mrs. Ruth, 70 acres..... 3.80
Sygal, James, 79 acres..... 10.40

Walster, Clarence, 27 acres..... 6.00
Wilson, Jack, 78 acres..... 14.60

NO. 26—CERALVO.

Igleheart, W. L., 3 1/2 acres..... \$7.00
NO. 3—BEDA.

Boehm, Edgar, 214 acres..... \$28.55
Hatcher, J. W., 80 acres..... 7.45
Jones, J. W., 10 acres..... 4.20

Parks, Mrs. L. T., 10 acres..... 1.75
NO. 5—MAGAN.

Bidwater, Mrs. Minnie, 3-8 acre..... \$2.10
Neighbors, Ben, 72 acres..... 10.15

NO. 23—BUFORD.

Dawson, L. J., 40 acres..... \$9.30

NO. 24—BARTLETT'S.

Ambrose, T. B., 60 acres..... \$7.00

Shipment of Plows Received!

We have just received a large consignment of the famous OLIVER CHILLED PLOWS and BLOUNT STEEL PLOWS. Also, all kinds of supplies and Fencing Wire. Our stock of

Furniture and Stoves

Is very large and the critical buyer will be sure to find here what they are looking for. We also sell Harness, Stoves, Saddles, Queensware, Hardware and have one of the freshest stocks of Staple and Fancy Groceries carried in Hartford. You are invited to visit us.

LIKENS & ACTON, Hartford, Kentucky.

Cook, Walter, 80 acres	6.65	NON RESIDENT.	
Coy, Allan, 2 1-2 acres	4.80	Bratcher, C. C. by A. M. Pack-	
Johnson J. R., 23 acres	3.80	paugh, 1 town lot	3.35
Keown J. W., 200 acres	9.85	Cessna Realty Co., 51 town lots	4.00
Morris, Perry, 40 acres	6.25	Howerton, W. T., 50 acres	4.50
Refrow, J. N., 50 acres	4.50	Payne, Henry, by W. H. Miller,	
Renfrow, W. L., 100 acres	6.00	30 acres	4.10
Stratton, R. J., 140 acres	15.30	Payne, J. F., 18 acres	1.40
Simpson heirs, 52 acres	2.15	Stowers, John, by T. H. Medcalf	
NO. 27—POINT PLEASANT.		50 acres	4.50
Byers, Mrs. Dora, 1 town lot	\$3.15	Spencer, Lillian, 60 acres	8.10
Hocker, Jack, 30 acres	9.45	Tanner, W. C., 55 acres	9.50
NO. 33—RENDER.		Wright A. G., 40 acres	3.85
Carter, Mrs. R. J., 1 town lot	\$3.05	Cooper, J. P., 1 town lot	8.10
COLORED LIST.		COLORED LIST.	
NO. 4—SULPHUR SPRINGS.		NO. 1—EAST HARTFORD.	
Crowe, Fred, 1 acre	\$4.20	Ford, Gus, 1 town lot	3.40
Sullenger, Peyton, 1 acre	3.50	Griffin, Thomas, 1 town lot	4.50
NO. 8—NORTH ROCKPORT.		Hines, Daniel, 1 town lot	4.50
Napier, John, 3 acres	\$5.20	Hines Steve, 1 town lot	4.45
Tunsill, Nathaniel, 1 town		Johnson, Mrs. Annie, 3 town	
lot	6.65	lots	4.85
NO. 13—EAST BEAVER DAM.		Parks, Chas. H., 1 town lot	7.40
Berry, Wes., 2 town lots	\$9.85	Phipps, Green, 1 town lot	6.00
Eldison, Grant, 1 town lot	3.50	Rander, W. P., 1 town lot	7.10
Rander, Funk, 61 acres	13.00	Taylor, Angeline, 1 town lot	2.40
NO. 45—MOHENRY.		NO. 2—WEST HARTFORD.	
Taylor, Calvin T., 1 town lot	\$6.00	Bassett, Mrs. T. J., 1 town lot	5.30
NO. 18—EAST FORDSVILLE.		Bassett, William, 1 town lot	6.00
Hines, Mrs. Ida, 1 town lot ..	\$1.75	Brookins, James, 1 town lot	8.80
NO. 30—PRENTIS.		Bacon, J. D., 1 town lot	4.40
Mason, W. H., 7 acres	\$3.80	Collins, Jack, 1 town lot	5.30
Shultz, H. J., 32 acres	9.55	Nail, Isahall, 1 town lot	2.40
NO. 1—EAST HARTFORD.		Nail Ball, 1 town lot	1.35
Mossley, Mrs. Della, 120 acres	\$13.50	Taylor, Dan, 1 town lot	5.30
Travis, I. H., 160 acres	7.75	Taylor Anna, 1 town lot	1.75
Travis, Mrs. Mary E., 4 acres	4.50	Assessed by County Clerk.	
NO. 2—WEST HARTFORD.		Denny, John, 1 town lot	1.40
Benn, Marvin, 2 towns lots ..	\$19.30	Graves, J. P., 80 acres	11.90
Carpenter, Clint, 1 town lot ..	5.00	Cox, Fannie, col., 30 acres	3.55
Ross, Mrs. D. C., 179 acres ..	33.90	T. H. BLACK,	
		Sheriff Ohio County.	